

## The Rabbit who Wanted Danger

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Snow begins to dance through the air like feathers through the wind. Winter is upon us. Even though the first snowfall is always a beautiful event, it usually signifies a time of hardship and struggle. Some animals fight for mere scraps, while others just skip the occasion entirely. I, on the other hand, could not be any more excited about this ordeal. I have stockpiled enough food to completely fill my humble hole, which allows me to take in the beautiful ambience rather than having to fight for food. Without the need for food, I have nothing to do. It's hard to pick up hobbies as a rabbit. This doesn't make life fun, but that's just what it takes to survive. I have made many attempts at ridding myself of boredom, but to no avail. In the past, I've tried to paint, write, draw, even dabbled in collecting. There is one thing that I've yearned to do which is going to the human town. Though I could spend hours just thinking about me visiting, time would not permit. Due to my pure white skin I'm able to hide in the snow which will allow me to sleep. I rest my head not knowing that a new chapter of my life will finally unfold itself.

Thump! I am woken up by an unusual object on my back. I turn over to check at a snail's pace; my body feels unusually stiff. In some ways immobile due to immense amounts of pain pressing on certain parts. I tried turning over quickly, so I would be able to pivot.

“Ow!”

I couldn't help but shriek. Thankfully, my efforts weren't for naught as I was able to successfully turn.

"Aahhh!"

My eyes widened slowly in disbelief, but never seemed to stop growing. Each breath I took would last for only a moment, and was louder than any sound I could've ever made. All 4 of my legs trembled. My previously immovable back couldn't help but jitter even slightly. My mind spiralled out of control, shaking from forward to back again and again. This was the only plausible reaction after a branch made a rash going from my left ear to my right leg, and created a crater in the ground much taller than I. Hopelessly, I tried to kick off the wood, but with little to no success, I turned back over to rest my head to think of anything to save me. Neither my wits nor physicality could save me, and my best hope was to wait a few nights to allow regions of my body to recover. My few days, which felt longer than months, consisted of me testing my body, eating snow to replenish myself, and going back to bed. Eight days have passed, and my frame doesn't feel 100%, but it should be enough to move the piece of wood. While trembling, I fell onto my feet and with every ounce of strength I was able to push the piece of wood off my body. For the first time, in this horrid experience in this hole, I felt some form of relief. I spent the rest of my day concocting a plan of action, but I never felt more determined to make the next day the last. I chewed through the piece of wood as much as I could. Clearly, my teeth were incapable of fully chewing completely through, so I intended to get out of this hole the same way I got in sleeping. Purposely, I slept on the chewed part of the wood to attempt to break the wood, and I even applied multiple layers of snow to add even more pressure. The only thing I could do now was wait.

The morning came, and my head is no longer lying on an amalgamation of wood and snow. Instead my beautiful, white head is on nothing but snow.

“Yes! Yes!”

Nothing in the world could've made me more excited than knowing that not only did my makeshift plan work, but that I had a chance of getting out. Once again, my body was trembling, but not in fear, rather of pure joy and excitement. This thrill is a feeling that has eluded me for my whole life. Now wasn't the time to celebrate, since I still have to escape or else this will surely be my coffin. Dirtying my hand, I created a sticky mixture of snow and mud, and applied to the ends of the broken wood. Immediately after, I shoved one half of the timber to the edge of the wall. I leaped onto the plank, and plunged another onto the perimeter on higher elevation. Then I simply bounced 3 times and got out of what I thought was gonna be my coffin.

The blinding light of the sky never looked more beautiful. I sat there gazing at it for hours on end. Nothing in my life felt more rewarding. My excitement slowly adverts to sorrow. Subsequently, I registered my sad reality. This feeling of absolute adrenaline is something I will never experience again. I needed some sort of way to replicate this feeling again, there had to be some way. Worryingly, I tried to figure out how I wanna approach life. In that exact moment, I decided that I would begin to live life to the fullest, regardless if I would wake up the next morning.

Finally, I began to get up from the snow with absolute clarity. For the following days, I had planned to try some new experiences. Firstly, I wanted to test how dangerous the given activity had to be for me to continue to find pleasure in. Hence, I began my journey to find any form of gratification. I began with an incremental task

being that of climbing a tree. The tree in question was a simple oak tree, and was around, give or take, 40 meters high. SCCCrRRrrr! I used my claws to reach the first branch. Then I leaped from one to another continuously. The last couple branches weren't close enough for me to simply bounce there, so I used my claws and broke a few sticks. I placed the sticks in a pile. Then stood on the pile and hopped as far as I possibly could. When reaching the top, I further utilized my claws to climb to a branch, and this trial was over. It was entertaining, but didn't feel exhilarating enough for me to feel content. I went back down, and went back towards the drawing board. This experiment was undoubtedly a fail.

As a result of my failure, I began pondering while aimlessly walking around. I couldn't think of any dangerous but not too dangerous activities. While I was in my reflective state, I suddenly lost my footing and my nose has been displaced, in more spots than one. Each one of my eyes ploddingly shifted upwards. When both of them arrived on the object in front and above me, I knew I had found my next challenge. In front of me, laid a mountain with no clear path of getting onto the top besides somehow going inside. I joyfully hopped towards the manifestation of my newest, biggest challenge, the mountain of doom, self-named and patent pending. I circled around the mountain hoping to discover a new opening. DUN! DUN! DUN! Thematic music played in my head, since I saw an entrance which was shrouded in mystery. It was way too big to fit any land creature, and was covered head in tow with stalagmites and stalactites. My joyful demeanour morphed into sheer consciousness. The ambience, the environment is pitch black the only way of traversing through is relying on my only available sense that being touch. I tipped toed across. Using one foot ahead of the

other, moving it side to side to figure out the incoming terrain. Doing this helped me figure out the surroundings ahead of me. The main concern being the stalagmites could have impaled my feet. Just because I craved danger, doesn't mean I enjoy being hurt. After this tedious process, I was welcomed by an indoor lake with glistening crystals with each crystal being bright and colourful. To top it off, multiple waterfalls were flowing into the lake, and some came from the roof, others flowed from the walls. This sight was truly beautiful. My body froze for a solid minute, thoughtless. This beautiful spectacle would not divert from my goal of reaching the top. The aforementioned room wasn't just beautiful, but was filled with incredibly useful materials. I grabbed a yellow crystal from the wall, so I could walk through the dark depths with a more nonchalant attitude. At the end of the grotto, was an opening. As I walked into the opening I realized it was a continuous spiralling slope going upwards that ran across the walls. I didn't think much of this scenario, so I decided to run up the spiral without a care in the world. The walls had many holes that seemed large enough to fit a whole human, but I thought nothing of it. BMBMMBMMmbmmMMBMMmmMBM! This horrifying sound echoed, so incredibly loud that it could be heard throughout the entire container. This terrifying sound became ever so loud. The cause of this sound was, unfortunately, a boulder. The boulder bolted towards me at scary speeds. To avoid the tumbling boulder, I dashed to one of the holes in the wall. To my dismay, I was dealt one of the worst hands, the hole was much, much further down the twirling slope. Slowly, but surely, the boulder was gaining on me. The amount of sweat that was on my face almost coated it like the outer part of a lettuce. There it was the hole I made fun of only instances ago. Just as I thought I was finally safe, the wretched boulder was on the edge of my tail. Thankfully, before my tail

was fully submerged under the boulder, I finally reached the hole. As the boulder passed by, I had no time to waste, so I plunged full speed upwards, trying to reach the top before any catastrophe could happen. My feet rotated so quickly that I couldn't even feel the floor. Exhilaration was nice, but I almost lost control, and could've been thrown into the hollow middle. For safety purposes, I investigated the room for any holes to hide from future rolling stones. MbmBMBmB Mmbmm! The same sound echoed throughout. In reaction, I hurled forward praying for a hole, and when one appeared I went in the hole, banging my head on accident. Pridefully, I stand on both feet extending my arms to look as big as possible. Sure, I looked silly, but I was proud to be unscathed. I saw the light at the end of the tunnel. With this I knew, finally, I climbed this mountain, both figuratively and physically.

Light was something that was provided by a tiny crystal, so seeing naturally provided light for the first time after an unknown duration, couldn't help but make me grin. My feet slowly came to a stop, and when reaching the very top they froze. Rather than standing, I was on my knees, and the sun was beginning to rise. Similar to when I was in the aquatic paradise within the cave, my body just stopped, but not in amazement, but a mix of exhaustion and accomplishment. To rest my body, I slid down the mountain with a piece of wood. Dug another hole into the snow, and rested my head. It became clear to me that this trial was finished.

Chirp! Tsssk! The sounds of the birds woke me up. My vision was blurry, and to cure it I decided to rub them thoroughly. The fatigue from the previous night was more than evident. My body has never been through more, and the experience was exhilarating. Something felt off with the previous test. This trial felt worse, and felt all the

same as last time. As a result, the experience was weakened. I needed some way to get a new thrill. At the time, I believed the solution was to fulfil my dream and go to the human nests.

Humans are something in the world I still don't get. My interactions with humans are limited; they don't venture in the forest often. Nothing about them is consistent. Notably, they have varying layers. Their layers varied in thickness, colour, and shape. On first inspection, I thought nothing of them. The ones I encountered seemed to be friendly. But, after scratching the first layer, I realized something about them was special. They had nests rivalling mountains. Rather than fighting with the weapons god gave them, they use unique and creative trinkets to cover all forms of combat. Everything about them is something I want to explore and find out. This escapade wasn't solely for my recent phase of adventure, but it also serves to appease my early ambition. With this in mind, I was set on going to the human nests, and I began to leisurely pace myself towards the newest goal.

When arriving at the human town, I'm greeted by unfamiliar sounds that seem to be created by multiple groups, but it wasn't unpleasant, it was a very joyful chime. The snowfall from previous days allowed me to blend in with the surroundings without any sort of confrontation. For a nice change of pace, I decided that this day would be a nice sightseeing trip instead of a dangerous voyage. Observing the surroundings, I noticed strange, seemingly intangible, dancing thingamabobs that emitted light, charming nests that could have their own characteristics, some moved like regular animals, others were on top of varying creatures to traverse, and the aroma was simply hypnotising. To me, this was a separate world that could never be replicated by anyone, other than humans.

So far, my experience was beyond what my mind could possibly simulate. Grr gGgGGG! My stomach roared due to the unfamiliar, intense scenarios I've been through across these few days. Furthermore, my affairs made me preoccupied, and led to me subconsciously avoiding to eat. Satisfied, I began to swim through the snow to go back to my tiny hut of a hole, but then in that moment I made a decision that would impact the way I would go about the rest of my life.

With new found resolve, I marched back to the flock of human nests. Whether I knew it or not this peaceful sight-seeing trip would become much, much more. To fulfil my raging hunger, I followed the aroma so potent that I could already map an image in my head. The way I gravitated towards scent was so seamless that I swear the smell was visible. Before entering the perimeter, I scouted for any way to achieve an easy, seamless operation. Ideally, I would go undetected, and I had no doubt in my mind I would achieve it. After scanning the area, I found a tall door that seemed to be the culprit of this irresistible fragrance. I wasn't sure how to get it, so I inspected it for hours. I moved from angle to angle and jumped to see through a little hole near the top. Hopelessly, I began to walk away from the nest, and towards the forest. Then I saw a human push the door open, do some strange activity resulting in a grey cloud, and push it again to enter again. My mouth widened large enough to fit 4 carrots, and my eyes glistened like the cosmos. I got my second wind. I imitated the human to a tea, even the strange motion he did with an object and his mouth, so me standing on only two feet pushed the door.

"IT MOVED! IT MOVED!"



I said this at the perfect volume where I could express excitement while being stealthy. Finally, I could begin a voyage which not only required me to be daring, but had a sweet reward.

I was so happy I could try something new, and that this failure wouldn't haunt me for as long as I lived. I have heard stories and tales depicting humans as peaceful as long as you didn't interfere with their lives or go to their dens. With this knowledge, and me seeing how efficient the unorthodox but unstoppable way of human combat was, I hid under a long, soft, white, thin thingamajig, and continuously and slightly shifting my body until reaching the objective. Cautiously, I examined the room, but it wasn't really helpful as my rabbit mind could not comprehend what any of these trinkets could do. The floor had a pattern consisting of two colours that seem to be exact polar opposites, the counters were mainly made of trees, and more intriguing and dancing thingamabobs were everywhere. Fighting my urge to experiment with these strange instruments was difficult, but I persevered. Eventually, I made it to the source of the odour, and could not be more excited. Out of impulse, I sprung up onto the wooden counter, ran towards the origin of the scrumptious smell, and plopped it into my mouth.

“AhhhhhhhhHHHhhHHHh!”

Reactively, I turned around trying to figure out what sound made my body stiffen. To my horror, it was an ugly image of a human whose expression was surely colourful, not in a good way. Typically, humans' faces are almost like a work of art. From what I've seen, it usually consists of teeth out, eyes neither too wide or too thin (relative to this person's neutral expression), and was a nice sight to see. The previously explained expression was truly infectious, but the one this human made was petrifying. The human's face had

eyes that were so wide that most of it was covered by them, eyebrows raised nearly to the roof of their head, and all imperfections became much, much too evident. From this moment, I knew that not only have I been busted, but also that getting off scot-free would be impossible.

Not skipping a beat, the human charges at me with speeds rivalling mine. Still in shock, I had a delayed dash. Just before the human captures me I weasel my way past her legs and into a nearby cupboard. She opens it, but is unable to find me. Instead she resorts to using both her hands to try and find me through the dark cupboard among her weird trinkets. In panic, I dashed once again through her legs and went through the door. The human grabbed multiple trinkets each being sharper than the claws of a wolf. The snow gave me good cover ,but she could hear me ,and followed closely. I came into close contact with other humans.

“Help! Some rabbit stole from me and is swiftly escaping through the snow!”

The human yelled this message more than once. The real chase had begun.

STOMP! STOMP! STOMP! Everything was going wrong for me, almost the entire hive of humans were chasing me. I ran into another nest which had a delectable aroma. My intention was to create pure and utter chaos to allow me to escape. I easily conquered my previous formidable opponent, the door, and when inside there were humans all over eating and talking. Immediately after, the door bursts open with the pack after me. I ran into the true source of delectable treats. When opening the door to the source, I was welcomed by many humans wearing white layers (similar to me), and weirdly enough they were all staring at me. Each white-layered human was holding similar trinkets to the humans outside of the door ready to engage in combat with me.

That minute, they threw 3 trinkets at me, and those 3 were in the shape similar to a triangle. Two of them missed but one scathed my fur resulting in blood trickling down like a tear. Finally, I grasped the severity of the situation as direct contact with that behemoth would certainly meet my end. Before they could throw more trinkets at me, I dived in circles looking for an exit resulting in me not interacting with the group that was separated by one thin layer of a wall. BOOM! The door pops open, and it's the group who is also looking for my head. Luckily, before I almost got turned into a delicious aroma, I discovered a back door leading to the surrounding environment. I scoured through the snow, and headed straight for the forest. Obviously the humans didn't give up and they followed closely behind. I found a hill far too steep to comfortably go down, so I slid down it. The humans stopped the chase and glared at me traversing down the hill. Finally, they began to leave, but the original human I messed with threw five trinkets at me. Most of them missed, but one impaled my ear and stuck me to a tree.

“AhAHHAAHHHahahhahahahahHAHHh!”

The pain was immense, but I was finally free from my last challenge.

Eventually, the trinket was pulled out of my ear, and I fell flat on my back. My body just laid on the ground, hopelessly. After I wake up from this well-needed nap, I will take one thing to heart. That being is that it is ok to go away from a boring life, but recklessness and constant adventures cannot be maintained. Before I went to bed on the snow, a singular snowflake landed directly on my nose. My eyes began to become dormant. The last thing I saw before my nap was the gorgeous snowfall.